Embrace of Thorns

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Embrace of Thorns

by Murder_Cupcake

Summary

"The next thing Will felt was his ankle being grabbed and his entire body falling on the ground. Luckily, he prevented his face from getting hurt with his hands on the floor, and they burned like fire. His ankle was being held with great strength.

'Aw, look, Hannibal, little rabbit is trying to run away", Nigel laughed, "It was fun pretending to be hurt by your fucking little lantern.'"

Will Graham was a young yet brilliant vampire hunter, and, against his superior's advice, decided to go on a very dangerous mission alone. However, he couldn't have predicted that the rumors about two powerful creatures of the night living in the castle he was heading to were true.

Notes

Joa wanted vampire daddies Hannibal and Nigel playing with Will, and I loved the prompt right away. It was supposed to be pure filth, but as I wrote it, a little plot built itself. Hope everyone enjoys!

The lyrics are from Embrace by Ludovico Technique

See the end of the work for more notes

I found you

Staring at me

I knew right away

Where I wanted to be

Will could still listen to Jack's stern tone echoing in his mind, scolding him after he told the older man he wanted to go on the mission alone. Such a dangerous mission, as Jack said. But Will was no amateur, he'd been in that field for many years, as Jack himself. What Will found utterly funny was that Jack was the one to usually send him in more risky missions, and now he simply acted overprotective.

Putting those thoughts and the mental image of Jack crossing his arms aside, Will's grip on the flickering lamp tightened as he walked with careful steps through the dark forest. His amulets and charms were enough to protect him from anything that might have been lurking in the shadows, and he knew the true danger resided in the castle right beyond the forest.

Rumors said that two bloodthirsty creatures lived there wearing the skin of handsome men, seducing human beings and luring them to their trap. The poor villagers near the castle, close to the forest, lived their lives scared of the monsters, and it was known that at certain nights, people would disappear from their homes, or wake up dead the next morning on their own beds. Will hated such creatures and wished to give an end to them all, and one of the reasons that made him such a great hunter was that Will had a talent. A sort of gift. He was unable to get hypnotized by the creatures.

It was known that vampires, as common people called those creatures, had the ability to hypnotize their prey as soon as they locked their gazes together, being able to control their victim at their wicked will. Will wasn't scared of them, with his gift or not.

He could finally see the towers of the castle being outlined by the pale moon, imponent in the dark sky with no stars. Nothing could be heard except the sounds of nature, and Will knew he had to be more than careful while approaching the massive construction.

The castle seemed to get bigger at each step forward and Will couldn't help but feel a shiver running down his spine. Maybe the monsters already knew he was entering their domain.

The hunter shook his head, grabbing the cross in his leather necklace and kissing it while facing the heavy, rusty gates that lead to the castle. Will had multiple belts and straps over his clothes, with all kinds of accessories and weapons. Daggers and knives made of the purest of silver, blessed with holy water from the cathedral, stakes made with the wood of a sacred tree, crosses of all sizes and shapes, even a powder made of garlic filled his right pocket.

He was more than prepared, and Jack had nothing to fear.

Nothing for Will *himself* to fear.

Gathering all the strength he had and feeling the cold, sharp breath of the night in his face, messing up his already wild curls, he crossed the gates. Will wasn't a fool. He was one of the smartest, more skillful hunters in the town. However, not even Will stopped to think about how utterly strange was the fact that the gates were open when he arrived. Almost as if he was being invited in, or expected.

What made him realize there was something weird going on was that, the second he entered the castle's grounds, everything went silent. All the forest went quiet, as if all beings in there were holding their breaths. The insects, the animals, even other creatures of the night.

He turned around when he heard a sharp noise of metal, his heart skipping a beat when he saw the gates being closed harshly, something that could not be caused by the wind. Before he could even turn his attention to the castle again, Will felt a hard strike on his head, and his vision went black.

He was no fool, but at that moment, Will knew he made a huge mistake.

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"The sleeping beauty woke up and I didn't even have to give him a kiss."

Will blinked, his aching head making him wince for a moment. The voice and the words echoed in his mind, low, husky, with a hint of sarcasm and alluringly poisonous. When the hunter's vision cleared, he found himself in front of a man. Or what looked like one.

Will observed him, as if to not demonstrate any bit of fear or nervousness. The creature - because Will knew what he was - looked incredibly human, beautiful even. He was dressed in a fully black suit, something that Will couldn't exactly tell from which period of time it came from. Blond hair decorated his sharp, feline features, and red eyes glistened in the dark chamber, or whatever that place was. He had a smug smirk on his lips, and Will knew that if he parted them just a bit, a flash of sharp fangs could be seen.

As if the creature read Will's mind - and he probably did -, he smiled, showing off the sharpest canines Will had ever seen. Even for a vampire.

"Are you enjoying that little inspection, hunter?", the vampire asked and his voice felt like velvet and leather at the same time.

Will swallowed dry, focusing on his belts and straps around his body. To his horror, they were all empty.

"You can move those pretty little hands, darling, you're not tied up."

Will understood why. He didn't need to be tied up because the vampire knew he wouldn't do anything, not without his weapons. But Will often surprised his opponents. He slowly slipped a hand underneath his shirt, grabbing a small but deadly dagger from an inner pocket. Before the vampire could react, Will pounced, aiming for his neck. A dagger as small as that one wouldn't work on his heart, but the silver in contact with the creature's skin would cause enough distraction for Will to fetch his other weapons and finish him.

“Fuck”, the vampire cursed as the blade pierced his throat, ink black blood splashing on the floor. Will didn’t have time to do anything else, as the creature grabbed his throat and lifted him. “You shouldn’t have done that, sweet thing.”

Will’s eyes widened in horror for a moment. How could everything go wrong in the blink of an eye? The vampire tightened his grip around Will’s throat, sharp nails pressing his skin like cold needles. Will reached for the monster’s wrist, trying so hard to apply some pressure while his legs struggled to kick his enemy. He sank his short nails on the dead-like cold skin, scratching, his legs never stopping even when his vision started to whiten.

“I usually keep hunters alive for a while, feeding off them like a fucking blood bag but you…”, the vampire said through gritted teeth, snarling as Will kept struggling on his grip, “You look good enough to eat, little hunter.”

Will’s eyes got full of tears against his will, his lungs begging for air as his throat was squeezed. He felt so foolish now. Maybe Jack was right, after all.

“I should drain you, darling”, the creature brough Will closer, one hand snaking around Will’s waist but never stopping to choke the young man, “Every single drop of your precious blood… Eat your perfect skin and send your bones back to Uncle Jack. Hmm, how does that sound?”

Of course, the bastard knew about Jack. Will wondered how many hunters Jack sent to be killed in that place. Perhaps that’s the reason he didn’t want Will to go. In any case, thoughts were slipping away from Will’s mind as his vision got fogged. He felt the vampire’s fangs grazing over his throat, and a dark chuckle echoed in his head despite not being able to distinguish words anymore.

“Nigel.”

Will was almost unconscious when he was dropped on the ground, the hunter coughing and inhaling so deeply it hurt, desperate for air, no matter how much his body was aching. He rubbed his throat, blinking until his vision returned to its normal state.

“Hannibal”, the vampire that was torturing Will, apparently going by the name Nigel, turned to another man with a sarcastic chuckle. Another monster.

There they were. The two bloodthirsty creatures of the night.

Good. At least Will now knew their names, not that this would help much. Hannibal had a serious expression, his eyes flashing bloody red in the night. He walked towards Nigel without sound, his steps light as a feather. If Will didn’t see his legs moving and his shoes touching the ground, he’d assume the vampire was floating. Will stayed sitting on the floor, just observing the creatures.

“What have we discussed about hunters, Nigel?”, Hannibal said, coldly, as he stepped closer.

“Hannibal, come on.”

“I asked a question.”

“No killing…”, Nigel huffed, “Only injuring and sending the fucker back to the others as a warning. I fucking know, but listen, this brat tried to-”

“And what should you do if he threatened you?” Hannibal interrupted, inches apart from the other vampire. Nigel cursed under his breath.

“I should immobilize him and-”

"That 's enough. We have a reputation here, Nigel. For centuries, and you know that. We’re not animals, we shouldn’t kill like one. Are we clear?”

“Just because you’re fucking older doesn’t mean you get to boss me around.”

Will could see that the older vampire, Hannibal, snarled - his fangs glistening in the dark for a brief second. The next thing he saw, though, was Hannibal reaching Nigel’s throat with his long-nailed fingers. Nigel gasped, grabbing Hannibal’s wrist quickly. Will swore he could listen to his growls.

“There you are”, Nigel mocked, “You’re so fucking hungry you can’t even control yourself. Always talking about that ‘a feast should present itself’ shit but when it actually does, you want me to show fucking mercy.”

Hannibal grunted, tightening his grip. “We were supposed to hunt tomorrow, but no, you wanted to act like the child you are.”

“Maybe that’s why I get to feed more often than you”, Nigel smirked and Hannibal lifted him for a moment.

“So reckless. Many years have passed and you still act like a brat.” Hannibal dropped the other vampire when a punch hit his face.

Nigel didn't even cough. Will observed as both creatures started to fight, punching each other with a strength that could certainly kill a man. The hunter took the opportunity of their distraction to slowly step back, glancing at an open entrance that led to a dark corridor. Pitch black kind of dark, but it didn’t matter. Will knew the most dangerous things in that place were busy fighting with each other.

And he ran.

Everything Will could hear was his own urgent, frantic footsteps and his heart pounding inside of his chest. Screw the mission, it was his fault anyway. Listening to Jack’s scolding was definitely better than to die in those monsters’ hands.

Will ran and ran, everytime he thought he saw an exit or a light, it proved to be his mind playing tricks. He was exhausted, his legs ached, his heart felt like it was going to jump out of his mouth. Attentively listening to see if he was able to hear something, he stopped. Will inhaled and the air was sharp and cold, as if it could slice his lungs. The only thing he could listen to, at that moment, was his own panting.

The hunter palmed his clothes and straps, and while there wasn't any weapon there, he found a small lantern he used to attach on his belt. He struggled to light the fire in such a dark place, where his eyes seemed to be closed all the time despite being wide open, but when he finally managed to, a scream died in his throat.

"Where do you think you're going, darling?"

Nigel was in front of him, smiling with his fangs bared. He looked even more terrifying than before but not less beautiful. Will stepped back, determined to run away in the opposite direction but his back soon hit something firm. Will didn't need to turn around to see it was the other vampire.

Before he could even think about a plan, Hannibal grabbed his arm, the creature's grip so firm and rough that Will wondered if his arm was going to break. At the same time, Nigel grabbed his other arm, and Will couldn't hold back a gasp.

"Oh, so now you want it?" Nigel mocked, pulling Will harshly to him.

Hannibal's expression got serious as he pulled the hunter to himself.

"Please, stop…", Will pleaded. If they continued that foolish game, Will was going to break.

"Oh, he speaks", Hannibal said, his tone amused. Will shivered.

"I wonder if he screams", Nigel purred close to Will's ear.

"Don't…Please", Will struggled in their grip, "I'll go away, I promise. I won't tell Jack anything…"

"Do you want us to believe in that, foolish boy?" Hannibal asked.

Will heard Nigel chuckling. He closed his eyes shut, trying to think of something. When he opened his eyes, with a wave of courage - or stupidity, probably both - Will managed to focus the light of his lantern on Nigel's eyes, since he was closer. With that, the vampire muttered a 'fuck' and Will took the opportunity to release himself from Hannibal's grip.

The hunter ran away again, heart beating so fast his vision whitened. Maybe... Maybe he could reach his weapons. Maybe he could exit through the main doors. Maybe he wouldn't die in that place. He was even reaching the outside of the dark corridor.

The next thing Will felt was his ankle being grabbed and his entire body falling on the ground. Luckily, he prevented his face from getting hurt with his hands on the floor, and they burned like fire. His ankle was being held with great strength.

"Aw, look, Hannibal, little rabbit is trying to run away", Nigel laughed, "It was fun pretending to be hurt by your fucking little lantern."

Hannibal walked past Will, stopping right in front of him as they all exited the dark corridor.

"So rude, boy."

Will tried to crawl, but the vampire grabbed his ankle more firmly, pulling the fabric of his pants up, showing more skin. He took Will's boot off supernaturally quickly.

"N-No! Stop, I-" Nigel's fingers on his skin felt like ice. Will looked at him, despair in his features. The vampire simply brought his foot close to his lips.

"It's just a little thing to keep you nice and pliant, right, Hannibal?" Nigel commented, "So cute."

Will couldn't see Hannibal, and then Nigel bit the skin of his foot, two sharply cold needles piercing through his skin. Will screamed, and he soon started to feel dizzy. Of course. Some creatures of the night, if too powerful, had the ability to paralyze their victims by biting a certain spot, as if their fangs contained a sort of venom. Nigel must have chosen the feet to make Will completely unable to run away, but Will knew he couldn't, even if he wanted to.

His vision became darker and darker, until he could see nothing but black.

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Inside you

Is where I belong

Open yourself

Until we are one

The first thing Will noticed when he woke up was the excruciating pain in his head, matching the ache in his feet. His entire body seemed to be immobilized as he found himself on a hard surface. It was a different place from the previous one, and there were countless candles surrounding Will, the flames warming his trembling body. His clothes were all ripped, and the bite marks in his foot, bleeding. He knew there wasn't a single reason for him to try to stand up.

So, he kept sitting on the floor, settling better and stretching his limbs for a bit. Will was almost fully convinced that he was going to die, yet he didn't feel nervous or scared. It was just a fact that happened because of his own recklessness. Will found it funny how those monsters didn't even care about chaining him… they were too smug and proud.

"You wouldn't last a second if you tried something, boy", Hannibal's voice sounded dangerously seductive behind Will, and the hunter almost got startled.

"You smell so fucking good", Nigel, on the other hand, appeared by his side - was he already there? - and grabbed his arm without ceremony.

Will gasped, heart skipping a beat as the vampire brought his wrist to his nose, inhaling his skin before slowly parting his lips. Will struggled, more as instinct than actual self preservation, but Hannibal reached for his free arm. A broken scream died in his throat as Nigel sank his deadly fangs in his wrist, and he heard a low 'tsk' from Hannibal.

“Such a brute, Nigel.”

It was all Will heard before Hannibal licked his wrist, grazing his fangs almost gently against the spot. The pain from Nigel’s fangs was unbearable, but when Hannibal bit his skin, the scream forced itself out of his mouth and throat. Like sharp needles in both of his wrists, the creatures started to drink from him. Will shivered, cold sweat quickly soaking his ripped clothes, feeling dizzy as his life was being slowly drained.

Will was unable to see, but both vampires were on their knees, one at each side of Will’s body - feasting. Blood dripped from their chins, especially from Nigel’s, the least elegant of both. When Will groaned in pain, Nigel grunted against his wrist.

“Fuck, you’re turning me on, sweetheart.”

At that, Hannibal raised his eyes to look at his brother. Nigel looked back, eyes not only glistening with hunger, but lust. Hannibal lowered his gaze to the hunter, licking blood off his lips. Will looked painfully gorgeous. Enchanting. Lascivious. The way his wrists bleed, the red in contrast with his pale skin. His lips parted as he tried to breathe, semi-closed eyes, almost rolling back… Hannibal wondered how it would feel to be inside of that trembling, warm body. And judging by Nigel’s gaze, he wondered the same.

Hannibal never had sex with a victim before, he liked to keep things separated, unlike Nigel, who fucked countless preys - even while they were dying from the blood loss. However, both knew that boy was different. After all, he was a hunter.

“Enough”, Nigel huffed, wiping off blood from his mouth with the back of his hand, “I fucking need him. Now.”

In a swift motion, Nigel lowered his body over Will, getting partially between his legs. Nigel closed his eyes, inhaling Will’s scent, the smell of his fear and nervousness. Fear is bitter, as Hannibal liked to say, but that boy was utterly sweet. He touched the sensitive skin of Will’s left thigh, chuckling as the boy trembled.

“So fucking pliant now, darling”, he grinned, bringing his lips close to Will’s thigh.

At that point, Will could barely react, his body refusing to obey him. Yet, the soft gasp that left his lips when Nigel sank his fangs on his inner thigh was inevitable. Nigel groaned in pleasure as Will’s warm blood touched his tongue once again, the sweetness of it making the vampire roll his eyes. He was delicious, just as Nigel was sure he’d be. And the soft, perfect, porcelain-like skin of his thigh… Nigel hasn't had someone this good for ages.

Hannibal was still holding Will on the opposite side, now watching in awe as his twin drank from the young hunter. He could smell the blood so vividly now, snarling as Will’s scent filled his senses. Will squirmed slightly in their grasp, so overwhelmed by the sting of pain and loss of blood that he felt everything and nothing at all at the same time. Nigel proceeded to drink, now lapping on the blood sliding down the boy’s thigh, delighting himself.

He could hear Will’s heartbeats like they were inside of his head, and poor thing, Will was so scared and nervous, different from the way he had arrived there. Hannibal couldn’t stop

looking, his pupils dilated in his blood red eyes.

Suddenly, Nigel stopped licking Will's blood, raising his eyes to Hannibal with a bloody grin. "Won't you join?", he asked in a low tone, drunk with desire and hunger.

Hannibal couldn't resist, not anymore. He simply approached his face to Will's, inhaling Will's smell once more, watching those features so closely, completely mesmerized and feeling that ravenous urgency inside of him. Hannibal had to hold back a grunt when Will let out a little whine as Nigel got back to sucking his blood. Hannibal didn't want to kill the boy that night, and he knew Nigel shared the same feelings, but who could blame them when Will was so delicious?

With that, Hannibal got close enough to Will's mouth, his lips starting to acquire a pretty purple color, and kissed his cold lips. Will's eyes rolled back to his head, moaning softly into the dangerous kiss as Hannibal explored his mouth with his tongue.

The young man shivered and tears rolled down his cheeks when Hannibal bit his bottom lip, hard enough to break the skin, immediately licking off the blood there. He continued to kiss as he drank, the essence of Will's life entering his body, sating his hunger. Will's body was stopping to tremble, too weak to do much more than whine softly as the two vampires ravished him.

His eyes were closing when Nigel gave his cheek a little pat, "C'mon, no sleeping now, darling."

Will tried so hard to keep them open, but he felt like he was dying - maybe he was. Nigel raised his head, blood dripping down his chin obscenely. He bit the tip of his finger and let one pitch black drop fall on Will's wounds.

"We're not that bad, are we? See, this is to stop the bleeding. For now~"

Will blinked vaguely, his body soft and easy to manhandle. Nigel started by ripping off Will's shirt with his clawed fingers, and after Hannibal licked Will's blood off his own lips, he got rid of Will's slacks.

"N-No", Will muttered, "Not this…please."

Nigel chuckled, "Han, go ahead", he said, gesturing to Will with a tilt of his head.

Hannibal brought a hand to his mouth, biting down and letting the dark blood flow. He put his hand over Will's mouth. "Drink it, boy. You'll feel really good."

Will shook his head but realized he had no chance against Hannibal as the creature forced his hand over his lips. Will licked the blood off, it was surprisingly sweet, no taste of iron at all. He got dizzy, in a way that felt as if a fog filled his mind.

Suddenly, Nigel's cold hand running down his chest felt strangely nice. In a second, Will was completely naked, bare from all his clothing, on the cold floor. The candles around them felt good on his skin. Nigel approached his neck, this time not to bite. Will shivered as the

vampire started to kiss his throat. Meanwhile, Hannibal's hand traveled down Will's stomach, stopping at his crotch and gently caressing the skin there. Will whined, closing his eyes in embarrassment. He was certain such a reaction was caused by Hannibal's blood - just like Nigel's had the ability to heal…or at least stop bleedings.

"N-No…", Will softly muttered, receiving a chuckle from Nigel.

"Oh, he still can talk. You need to try harder, Han."

But Hannibal was so focused on the taste of Will's blood that he barely listened to Nigel. He took hold of the hunter's pink cock, completely hard as both vampires teased him.

"Your body is saying yes, little hunter." Hannibal smirked and started to gently stroke, a finger rubbing onto the tip of Will's dick to gather the pearly precum that leaked.

Will felt like he was floating, too weak and cold from all the blood he lost - the blood that was taken from him - yet there was a burning sensation all over his body as the monsters kissed, licked, touched him. More delicately now, caring about his pleasure, as to mock him. A hunter of the creatures of the night being pleasured by them. He couldn't even think of what Jack would say about this…. A silly worry, since he would probably never see his superior again.

While Hannibal played with Will's dick, stroking it slowly while kissing the younger man's neck, Nigel brought his wrist to his lip and bit down hard. Blood started to flow and he got two of his fingers completely soaked. Then, he slid his hand down Will's stomach, bringing it between his legs. Will didn't even realize until the sharp tip of Nigel's nails were against his hole.

"W-Wait!" he protested, closing his legs.

"Hannibal, keep his legs open for me."

Hannibal did, never stopping his motions on Will's cock, skillfully parting Will's thighs with his supernatural strength. Will cried out and his cock twitched in Hannibal's hand, making both creatures chuckle.

"Let's see how tight you are", Nigel purred, bringing two fingers to his mouth and simply ripping his sharp nails off, black blood spilling down.

Will frowned for a moment.

"What? I might be a bloodthirsty monster but I'm not that cruel, gorgeous", he grinned, "besides, I want you to enjoy every second of this." Will shivered, that was the worst humiliation.

Nigel's clawless fingers approached Will's hole, rubbing on it slightly, pressing and teasing around the muscle. Will groaned, it felt good already. When Nigel slid one blood coated finger, Will let out a loud moan, so wanton he'd be embarrassed if Jack knew about it. Then, Nigel started to thrust in and out of Will, slowly, as Hannibal matched his pace with the

motions of his hand. Will let out the sweetest little breathy noises, rolling his eyes with pleasure from all the stimuli. When Nigel added the second finger and began to make scissor movements, Will instinctively rocked his hips, his dick fucking itself on Hannibal's hand.

"Look at how he got eager", Hannibal smirked, licking his lips.

Nigel snarled, "Hmm, and I thought he was so fucking tired after what we did to him. Guess we have a little slut with us tonight."

"N-No!" Will protested, "I'm not..Oh!"

"Your body tells otherwise, pretty boy", Nigel rubbed onto his prostate and Will arched his back beautifully, "There you go."

He kept hitting Will's prostate with every thrust of his fingers, the noises absolutely filthy and obscene, the fire of the candles making Will feel like he was melting despite the cold touches of the vampires.

"Come for us, boy", Hannibal said in Will's ear, rubbing a finger over Will's cockhead. Will felt his entire body shaking and he let his head fall back as he came with a cry, spilling cum all over Hannibal's hand and long claws, his hole clenching deliciously around Nigel's fingers.

Will panted, the dark room spinning before his eyes, the air cold against his skin. His body softened even more, and Hannibal held it with strong hands, nosing the hunter's curls damp with cold sweat. Nigel licked his lips, eyes glistening with pure hunger.

"Fuck it", he cursed and started undoing his shirt, getting rid of his jacket right after, taking all of his clothes off while staring at the human boy. He was about to take his pants off when Hannibal stopped him.

"Right here?", he asked. Nigel grinned.

"Why not?" He took off his belt, Hannibal swallowing dry. His cock was painfully hard and he knew he wouldn't be able to resist, watching Nigel fucking the hunter alone.

Will blinked, his eyes wandering over Nigel's body. His chest was tattooed, he could see some crosses, or swords, he couldn't figure it out. His arm was beautifully decorated with a black serpent and what seemed to be chains. Will's eyes were too unfocused for him to catch all the details, but even now, he found the vampire gorgeous like this. However, it was the next thing that happened that took his breath away.

Nigel stared at him, his fiery eyes full of passion and want, and then wings came out from his back, slowly, as if they were stretching. Will couldn't help a gasp. They were like bat wings, except they had a leathery appearance, and reddish bones. He knew some vampires and similar creatures could have wings but he didn't recall seeing such as those in any book or scroll.

"Impressed, huh?", Nigel purred, smug.

Hannibal rolled his eyes.

“Come here, baby”, he walked to Will and the boy shivered, “Aw, I don’t plan on hurting you anymore. Don’t be scared, darling, you’ll have the fuck of your life.”

Probably because you’ll take it later.

Nigel held Will and Hannibal undressed in a second, gaining a curious gaze full of amusement from Nigel, who kissed Will’s lips with no ceremony. It was surprisingly soft, warm, and his tongue made Will moan. Will closed his eyes as the vampire snaked his arms around his middle, pressing their naked bodies against each other.

Will opened his eyes with curiosity as Nigel kissed his neck, glancing down and being taken by surprise. Nigel’s cock stood pale like the rest of his body - big, with veins over the length. Like his entire body, it felt like a sculpture and Will felt ridiculous at how much aroused he became.

“Naughty”, Hannibal whispered behind him, chest hair coming to touch his back.

“His lips are so fucking good”, Nigel groaned and he changed the positions, “I want to bite them off.”

Will shivered. Hannibal chuckled and showed himself in front of Will, stretching his wings just like Nigel. They were the same, and so stunning. Will wondered if they could actually fly with them.

Reading his mind, Hannibal replied, “Yes, we can, but it isn’t discret.”

Nigel made a tsk. “Some humans love that, they get so fascinated. Shame they don’t live to tell the tale.”

Will wanted to see them fly.

“He’s so cute”, Nigel said as he got behind Will, raising the boy by the hips and licking a trail on his nape.

Will moaned and it was Hannibal’s turn to kiss his lips. Will got lost in the kiss, mewling and trembling as Nigel’s cock felt hard behind him, and Hannibal grabbed his thighs, now both vampires lifting him from the ground. Will felt exposed, completely naked and so hot, the candles seemed to burn harder in their surroundings, and he let his body become pliant for the creatures of the night.

Will yelped when the head of Nigel’s cock was positioned against his prepared entrance and he gripped on Hannibal’s shoulders. Nigel slid his lips from his neck to Will’s arm and the second he slid into Will’s tight heat, he bit down his skin. Will screamed, letting his head fall as Nigel filled him at the same time he drank from the bite in his arm. Hannibal growled low, his grip on Will’s thighs tightening. Nigel stopped, blood dripping from his mouth as he smirked.

“So fucking tight even after my fingers. Han, you need to try this.”

Will let out a confused moan, soon understanding the words. They were both going to take him. Hannibal positioned his cock, as hard and big as Nigel's, on Will's filled hole, making both the hunter and the other vampire groan. Then, Nigel pulled out just a little bit, and next thing Will knew, both cocks were penetrating him at once.

A loud, high-pitched moan broke into the dark chamber, followed by deep animalistic grunts. Hannibal's grip was so rough on Will's skin he knew it'd bleed soon, like many spots of his body. Will felt like he was being ripped apart and the scariest part of it all was that it felt incredibly good. The burn, the sting of pain, the agony caused by multiple bite marks and the dizziness from blood loss.. everything sent him close to the edge once again.

Nigel's large hands were on Will's ass now, holding him, moving it just a little bit so they could thrust in and out. Hannibal slid in, Nigel slid a bit out, and then they repeated it, over and over again, taking turns and making Will keen. Will reached for Hannibal's hair and grabbed a fistful, his other hand soon resting over Nigel's wrist, not to stop him, but simply seeking support.

They used his body as they wished, manhandling him like a ragdoll and Will's body jerked with each double thrust. Nigel then bit down Will's nape, tasting the salt of Will's sweat and the familiar sweetness of his blood.

Meanwhile, Hannibal sank his fangs on the frontal area of his throat, above the collarbone, welcoming Will's delicious essence in his tongue. Both began to suck, to drink, to ravish Will's blood, his movements never stopping. It was too much. The pain, the pleasure, Will's life slowly vanishing to those monsters' mouths, the dark chamber, the candles, their claws and fangs and the way they filled Will to the brim.

His body softened once again, his arms falling to his sides, his head falling back and leaning on Nigel's shoulder, but he never stopped drinking Will's blood. Will's mind was completely clouded and his vision was going through the same, a heavy fog covering his eyes. Soon, he couldn't see anything. Or feel.

The hunter passed out at the mercy of the creatures.

——— ❖ — ✦ — ❖ ———

My hands locked around you

In a loving embrace

Until the end of our days

Will woke up after god knows how many hours, blinking slowly and wincing with the worst headache he ever had. He didn't move an inch, his body comfortably laid over what it felt like a mattress with silk sheets. He was naked, of course. His entire body ached with multiple bite marks, and when Will dared to look at them, most seemed clean.

He sat on the bed, running a hand over his curls. It was possible to see a thin string of light coming through the pitch black curtains, and he felt relieved that it was morning. Relieved

for what, Will didn't know, since now he was, officially, a prisoner of two powerful vampires. He was surprised that he survived the night, maybe they wanted a plaything, or a blood bag. Perhaps both.

Will sighed at the thought. However, as much as he wanted to deny, at a certain point in the previous night, Will felt good. Flashes of the night filled his mind, and Will shivered, recalling how they drank from him till the point of passing out, how they took Will so intimately while devouring his life. It shouldn't be like this, yet Will found himself missing those monsters as he spent more and more time in that dark room. Will didn't know how much time passed when he decided to stand up, slowly, fighting his dizziness and sore body.

The room wasn't big but it was larger than his dorm in the hunters' headquarters. More luxurious too. Obviously, the door was locked and none of his weapons were there. He walked towards a little table, defeated, and found a covered platter, a little note in front of it.

A little something to help your body to recover. You'll need it. - H & N

Will sighed but his stomach rumbled. He took the cover from the platter, his nose immediately catching the delicious smell of the food under it. It was a beautifully presented dish with meat, bread and cheese. There was a chalice of red wine next to it. Will wondered if that meat could possibly be human, but his empty stomach spoke louder.

Soon, his mouth was full and he ate with enthusiasm. The wine slid warm and delicious down his throat, and Will felt sated. There wasn't much to do in that room, so he opened the black curtains, the sun's warmth bathing his face after so much time in the darkness. He climbed back on the bed later.

Minutes became hours and Will was tired of barely moving, alone with his thoughts. If only he had his books or his own scrolls to read and add more information, after such an experience. He missed the headquarters, he missed Beverly, Brian and Jimmy, the other hunters and occultism scholars.

He missed Jack, even, with his scolding words and stern expression.

He missed his dogs, some strays he'd found on missions and decided to keep.

The young hunter was starting to feel awfully depressed with the thoughts, and closed his eyes in a vain attempt to fall asleep. After some time, it worked.

His dreams were filled with blood.

Will woke up startled as he heard a high pitched scream outside. The night sky was dark and powerful on the other side of the window. He stood up, immediately noticing some folded clothes on the little table they previously placed his food. His naked body, barely covered with the black silk sheet, trembled with the cold breeze of the night.

Will fetched the clothes and dressed himself up. Now he was wearing a white linen shirt, a little loose on his frame, paired with worn brown pants. The screams continued and, determined, Will exited the room.

He followed down a roll of stairs, the screams getting louder. He wasn't scared or nervous, far from it, yet shivers ran down his spine. When he reached the bottom, Will gasped with the sight before his eyes.

On the floor, Hannibal and Nigel were feeding off someone. They stopped screaming. Will couldn't figure out their gender, but it didn't matter. He approached them, a part of him intrigued. He never saw the creatures he hunted actually feeding themselves.

Both vampires were holding their prey's barely conscious, soft body. Nigel drank from their throat, but also held their wrist, which was bleeding nonstop, a pool of dark red underneath it. Hannibal held one of their legs and the skin of their thigh was ripped off, raw. He had something on his other hand, and Will understood what it was just when he noticed the deep wound in the person's stomach.

Hannibal was eating one of their organs. Which one, Will couldn't tell.

Will wasn't frightened and that scared him. Watching the vampires eating, drinking, feeding themselves, reminded him of animals. Savage animals. Hunters, predators. Animals weren't evil, weren't bad. They simply did what nature told them to, guided by their instincts and biology. What Will saw in those creatures who looked like men was the same, and he didn't like the way he was thinking.

Jack always told Will that he had the gift of empathy, sometimes in excess, but the hunter never imagined himself feeling it for…monsters.

Were they really monsters?

"Hello, gorgeous." Nigel's voice woke Will up from his thoughts and he trembled before his fierce gaze.

His pupils were dilated, mouth and chin covered in blood. Will found himself wanting to touch him.

"Look, Han, our boy seems eager."

Hannibal raised his head, turning to Will. He was the same as Nigel, and he made sure to lick his bloody fingers while maintaining eye contact with Will.

"What's that, little hunter?", he asked, "You would like a taste?"

Will inhaled slowly, the copper smell of blood heavy in the air. He didn't know if it was because of his grotesque dreams, or maybe he was developing some kind of sickness - he had no idea - but what he saw in front of him didn't seem ugly. He was a goddamn vampire hunter, yet, it didn't feel right to hurt those creatures for them simply being who they are, following their natural urges.

Blood looked so good on their marble-like skin. Will approached them more, unconsciously, as the corpse proceeded to bleed in their arms. Hannibal tilted his head in curiosity as Will kneeled in front of them, “You do not look scared.”

“I’ve spent all my life, as long as I can remember, hunting your kind”, Will spoke, eyes fixed on the corpse but his mind seemed far away, “I never had the opportunity to be this…close.” He blushed, recalling the previous night. Even Nigel seemed surprised with the shift in the boy’s behavior. He listened.

Hannibal asked, “How does that make you feel?”

Will shrugged. “We don’t kill animals for simply being animals. Why should we do the same to your kind?”

Nigel held back a laugh. “I wasn’t expecting that, darling. When you changed your mind, hm?”

“I don’t really know but… Now I see.”

“Maybe our sweet little hunter here, deep down, always had a taste for the darkness”, it was Hannibal’s turn to speak.

Will looked away, for the first time, thinking about everything he’s been taught since he was a child. It all seemed to slip through his fingers like blood. And maybe that was fine.

Before he could do or say anything, however, Hannibal reached for his nape with his bloodied hand, bringing him closer. Will didn’t resist, not even when Hannibal captured his mouth. The smell of blood was strong and the kiss tasted like iron. Will clutched onto the vampire’s shoulders, allowing his mouth to be explored by Hannibal. He closed his eyes, enjoying the way his body got hot, only opening them when he felt another mouth, this time on his neck.

Nigel was behind him, and snaked his hands around Will’s waist, kissing and licking his throat. Will moaned into the kiss, and Nigel ran a hand down his belly, stopping between his legs. He chuckled against Will’s skin when the boy’s dick gave a little twitch of arousal.

Hannibal broke the kiss, looking at Will with red eyes. “Taste”, he purred.

Will stared at his jaw covered in blood, some of it sliding down his neck. He timidly approached, kissing Hannibal’s skin, then sticking his tongue out to taste the blood. The boy groaned. Nigel kept palming his growing erection. It felt dirty but not wrong. Not even if the corpse was still there, a witness of Will’s sins.

He sucked on Hannibal’s skin harder, and Hannibal grunted, something animalistic and dangerous that made Will gasp. Nigel’s ministrations between his legs were unbelievably good, his large hand with fingers that ended in sharp claws sending multiple shivers down his spine.

Nigel ran the tip of the glass-like nails over Will's dick, and Will's back arched. The vampires' pleasurable touches and caresses seemed softer, slower, no traces of sadism left, unlike the previous night. They wanted to make Will feel good.

It felt *so good.*

Hannibal held Will's throat delicately, kissing the sensitive skin. He slid down, tracing Will's collarbone with his tongue. He ran his hands underneath Will's shirt, hands icy cold in contact with warm skin. He rubbed over Will's nipples, making the younger man moan, bucking his hips.

Nigel increased the pace, fisting Will's dick with precision, easily gliding in his hand with the amount of precum he was leaking. With all the stimuli, Will started to feel light headed, arousal and the familiar pressure coiling in his groin. He was edging closer to his climax.

Nigel noticed and brought his mouth next to Will's ear, "You deserve more than this fucking dirty floor, sweetheart", he looked at Hannibal, but never stopped stroking Will, "Let's go upstairs."

Hannibal sighed with arousal, nodding. Nigel finally let go of Will's leaking erection, and the poor hunter whined at having his orgasm denied. Hannibal stood up, lifting Will with strong arms.

Nigel licked his fingers covered in Will's precum and winked at the boy.

Both went to the stairs, heading to their own bedroom and leaving the bloodless corpse behind.

I sense you

Follow my lead

Aching to fill

The deepest of needs

Will rolled his eyes with a wanton moan as Nigel bucked his hips into him, a firm hand on his waist. He was on Nigel's lap, slowly riding his cock while Hannibal played with his nipples in front of him. Hannibal grazed his fangs over the sensitive, pink buds. He licked, the sensation of his tongue making Will see stars.

Hannibal wrapped his lips around Will's nipple, playing with the other with his nails.

"He's so fucking tight", Nigel grunted as Will clenched deliciously around his cock.

Will felt like he was reaching his orgasm again, and started to bounce on Nigel's lap, wrapping trembling arms around Hannibal's neck. The hunter was lost in pleasure, leaning on to kiss Hannibal's cold lips. Hannibal smiled into the kiss, one of his hands sliding down Will's stomach to between his thighs.

One finger rubbing over the leaking head of his dick was enough for Will to moan loudly and arch his back, his beautiful svelte body glistening with sweat by the candlelight. He came hard, wetting Hannibal's fingers with his release.

Will leaned back on Nigel's chest, panting. Nigel held his hips harder, kissing Will's throat and tasting the salt of his skin. The vampire increased his thrusts while Will just took it all. When Nigel came, Will whined softly.

Nigel reached for Will's neck from behind and turned his head to him for a heated, sloppy kiss. Will had his eyes closed, and when Nigel broke the kiss, Will opened them, seeing Hannibal stroking his own hardness with eyes full of hunger. Nigel chuckled deeply behind him, placing his hands on Will's back to make him lean forward. It was a delicate gesture yet commanding.

Will got on all fours after Nigel pulled out, face almost reaching Hannibal's groin.

"Go on, dear boy. Open up, hm?" Hannibal purred and Will brought his face closer to his cock.

It stood hard and big, pale like the rest of his body, the veins reminding Will of Renaissance statues. Will felt shy for the first time, he'd never done this before, especially with - he smiled internally - a vampire. When he slid his tongue over the length, Will noticed he tasted like nothing, but the sensation under his tongue was amazing. Naturally, he couldn't take the entirety of Hannibal's girth, but he tried his best and considering how the vampire grunted and fisted his curls, he was feeling good.

Will concentrated on his task until something made him stop and gasp against Hannibal's skin. Nigel was behind him, trailing dangerous kisses over Will's ass cheeks. He was getting so close to his entrance that Will arched his back. When Nigel kissed his rim, Hannibal interrupted Will's moan by pulling him to his cock once again.

"Please", Will moaned, drooling over Hannibal's erection and was pulled again. Nigel pushed his tongue inside. "M-More! Plea-nngh!"

"Such a lovely thing", Hannibal praised. He bucked his hips forward and quickly began to fuck Will's mouth.

Nigel followed the pace, tongue-fucking Will's hole. The young hunter was a mess, babbling, moaning, whining while he was used. The vampires proceeded until Will's body was taking it on its own, his mind far gone. Nigel devoured Will's hole and Hannibal pulsed in his mouth, guiding Will's head with his hand. Will's face had sweat mixed with dry tears and he felt so, so messy.

Then, Hannibal growled through gritted teeth, baring his fangs. He came down Will's throat, cock hitting so deep Will had to hold back the urge to gag. Nigel withdrew his tongue, licking his lips and giving Will's ass a smack. Hannibal barely reacted after his orgasm, he didn't even pant.

The vampires laid Will down the mattress, black silk against his skin. Felt good. His entire body felt good, full, complete. He panted happily, choosing to ignore whatever would come after.

"I think he needs a bath", Nigel said, licking his fingers clean, "What do you say, darling?"

Will nodded weakly. Hannibal stroked sweaty curls.

"You can rest if you wish, let us take care of the everything."

Will saw them both looking at him. There was a certain fondness, or maybe it was Will's impression. Either way, exhaustion took over his body and Will closed his eyes, not opening them even with the creatures carried him to the marble bathtub.

——— ❖ — ✦ — ❖ ———

Once again, it was morning. Will wore fine clean clothes, his fresh skin smelling of peaches and strawberries. He had breakfast, a vast meal with sweets and breads and fruits. He didn't know where the vampires arranged those, especially because they didn't eat such things, but he'd have other opportunities to ask.

Will remained on the bed, watching the clear blue sky and the sun through the window. When, suddenly, he heard noise outside. Not outside the door, but outside the castle. He got up from the bed, approaching the window. His heart skipped a beat.

Jack and his team were approaching the castle. Of course they'd have noticed Will's absence in such a dangerous mission. A part of Will wanted to draw their attention and tell them to run as fast as they could. Another part of him didn't care. He never felt like he belonged to the hunters, but as an orphan, he didn't have much choice. Obviously, he'd made friendships there. And seeing them running to the castle, poor lambs walking directly to their slaughter, made his heart ache.

But his time with the creatures he hunted taught him things he didn't know, especially things he didn't know about himself. He had to choose didn't he? At least Jack was smart, choosing to attack in the morning when the vampires usually slept.

Or that's what Will thought, before feeling hands on his shoulders.

"Foolish little things", Hannibal said, "It's almost pitiful."

"It's fucking ridiculous", Nigel laughed, crossing his arms in front of the window. "These idiots think they'll attack us like this?"

"Tell me, Will, what should we do?" Hannibal asked behind him.

The only question in Will's mind was how were they awake at this time? Truly powerful vampires.

Jack didn't have a chance. Neither of them had. It was sad, actually.

"Clock is ticking, baby", said Nigel, mocking. Will looked through the window.

All of a sudden, Jack looked up. Without hesitation, he pointed his guns and shooted. It was so fast Will didn't have a reaction, not even when they window glass broke, and the silver bullets were caught by Hannibal's slender fingers.

"When will they learn that silver doesn't do anything? I wonder."

"Stay here, Will", Nigel's voice sounded serious now, "We have some business to finish with old uncle Jack."

Will felt his head spinning. "Can I ask something from you both?"

The vampires stared at him.

"If any of them manages to escape, don't chase. Please."

"Sweet hunter with a heart of gold. Perhaps that's why you fell for us, you can see good even in monsters."

"I don't see good in you both."

"But you accept our monstrous nature, isn't that the same?" Hannibal finished with a smug smirk. "Time to go."

"And when we come back, we'll bring a proposal", Nigel said.

Will knew what it was, and even if he didn't know the answer yet, he couldn't wait for them to come back. They left, leaving Will alone in the room. He tried to block the heavy noises of things breaking, screams and shooting sounds, filling his mind with the possibility of a new life. As one of them.

Until the end of our days

End Notes

Kudos and comments are very appreciated & you can find me writing even more filth at Twitter, @thegayprofiler! <3 <3

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